WOODCUT NUMBER

FORM

EDITED BY A. O. SPARE AND W. H. DAVIES

OCT. 1921

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NO. 1
VOL. 1

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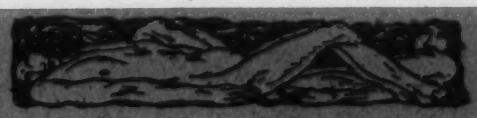

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Original drawings and special proofs of works produced in FORM (each signed by the artist) may be obtained at the Little Art Rooms, 8 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The conductors of FORM propose to publish, from time to time, finely printed editions of modern literature, drawings and engravings. The first two of these publications consist of "*Eight Poems*" (out of print), by W. B. Yeats, and "*Twelve Poems*," by J. C. Squire, price 4/- each. *Editions de Luxe*, printed on handmade paper, bound in vellum and signed by Author and Artist, may be had at £1 1 0 per copy.

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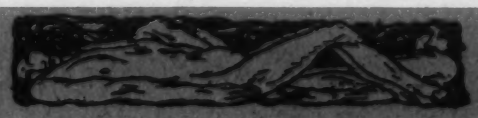

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INTRODUCTION

T the outset of its career, FORM was issued as a quarterly, in 1916 and 1917, and then the circumstances of war compelled a suspension of publication. In an altered and more convenient *format*, it reappears as a monthly magazine, and the Editors venture to believe that it will justify itself in the eyes of those who were subscribers to the earlier issue, as well as of other members of the public who interest themselves in the Arts. With particular care for quality and beauty in typography, arrangement and design, FORM will continue to produce examples of the best contemporary work in Literature, Fine Art, Music and Criticism; without discrimination in favour of any school or group. Satire and the psychology of the Arts will be given greater consideration than is ordinarily the case in magazines dealing with Fine Arts, and current events in the Art world will be reviewed.

In regard to the Illustrations, which constitute a distinctive feature in FORM, it may be noted that only autographic or facsimile methods of reproduction will be used. In the present number these consist of woodcuts. Succeeding numbers will be devoted to similiar uniform illustration by one or other of the varied forms of expression appropriate to printing—lithographs, pen drawings, calligraphy, decoration, and the like.

The subscription rate is £2 14s. per annum, post free to any address in the world. Single copies may be had at 4/6 each by post, or three monthly numbers, constituting one volume, for 14/-. Subscribers to the former issue will receive copies of the first and second numbers of the new issue, in respect of the unexpired proportion of their initial subscription. To obviate mistakes, these subscribers are requested to intimate their present addresses to The Morland Press Ltd., 190 Ebury Street, S.W.1., to whom all communications in regard to subscriptions and advertisements should be made.

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The Editors of FORM will be glad to consider MSS. or drawings offered for publication; but no MS. or drawing will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed postal cover. In any case, the Editors can accept no responsibility for MSS. or drawings that may be lost.

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Editors: Austin O. Spare
and W. H. Davies

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Containing

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OF LITERARY & CRITICAL INTEREST
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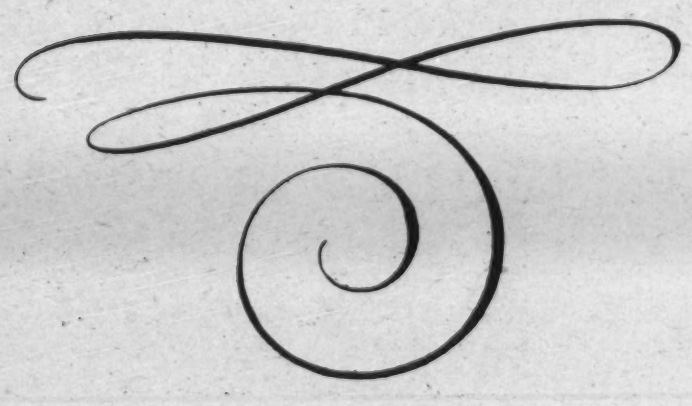

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WOODCUT BY FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

Editorial by W. H. DAVIES

THE first thing I did, on undertaking the duties of an editor, was to hasten off to China by the first boat, to interview the great poet Ah Me. "If I can only get a poem from him," thought I, "the success of my first number will be certain." But when I reached Ah Me's house, and found the Master at home, I was told at once that he could only grant me ten minutes, as he had already been visited by the Pope of Rome, and was expecting the King of Spain's three daughters.

This news was disappointing, as I needed a little rest, after all my arduous labour to climb over the Great Wall of China, with my nose scratched, and my hands and knees too.

"Can you tell me, Ah Me," I began, "why the poet Ha Ha is being laughed at continually by He He?"

"He He," answered Ah Me, "—no catch—ee."

From this remark I understood that He He was of no account; that a knowledge of his work was of no use to anyone; in other words —it was no catch.

"Would you say that Pooh Bah is also no good? I asked.

To which Ah Me replied "Pooh Bah, no good-ee."

"Would you go so far as to say that Pooh Bah is no *damn* good?" I said.

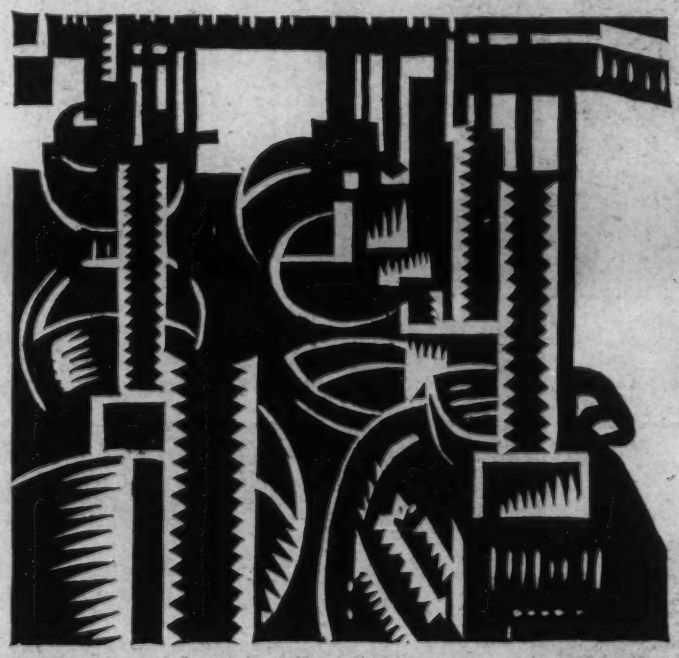
To which Ah Me replied "Pooh Bah, no damn-ee good-ee."
"But surely," I insisted, restraining my excitement—"surely you would not go so far as to say that Pooh Bah is no *bloody* good?"
To which Ah Me replied in a firm voice, and without the least hesitation "Pooh Bah, no bloody good-ee."
Saying this, Ah Me went to his bookshelves and, taking down a small volume of his own work, opened it at a certain page and, pointing to a short lyric, said in a quiet voice "Look-ee a little while-ee at the book-ee."
The little poem brought to my notice was called "A Thought"; and, although the Chinese atmosphere is entirely lost in my translation, I feel certain that the philosophy will be clear to everyone.

When I look into a glass,
Myself's my only care;
But I look into a pool
For all the wonders there.

When I look into a glass,
I see a fool:
But I see a wise man
When I look into a pool.

"I gather from this little poem," said I, "that Pooh Bah is too self-conscious, and that seems to be the fault of poets in every country, including Great Britain and Ireland."
Hearing this, Ah Me nodded approval, and said in a calm, deliberate voice, "Pooh Bah, he look-ee in the glass-ee too much-ee. Pooh Bah, no good-ee. Pooh Bah, no damn-ee good-ee. Pooh Bah, no bloody good-ee."
Not wishing to take up any more of Ah Me's valuable time, I said good-bye, but not before he had given me an original poem in manuscript. I flatter myself at having captured some of the spirit of the original, although my knowledge of Chinese is not much to be proud of. This is the poem, which, I hope, will add to the great number of Ah Me's western admirers.

When I had met Fe Fie the twentieth time,
She put me to confession day and night:
Did I like woman far above all things,
Or did the songs I make give more delight?
"Listen, you sweeter flower than ever smiled
In April's sunny face," I said, at last—
"The voices and the legs of birds and women
Have always pleased my ears and eyes the most."
And saying this, I watched Fe Fie with care,
Not knowing would my words offend or please;
But, laughing gayly, her delighted breasts
Sent ripples down her body to her knees.



TUGS WOODCUT BY EDWARD WADSWORTH

CUADRO FLAMENCO

DRAWING BY LAURA KNIGHT

GAUTAMA BUDDHA

BY CECIL FRENCH

中國至聖

CONFUCIUS

By Arthur Waley

Superior and alone Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.—POPE

IT is curious that, to those who, lacking religion, yet possess some kind of moral code, the morals of the world past and present should seem so much more mysterious than its mysticisms. Bodhidharma, San Juan de la Cruz, the Sufis, George Herbert, Father Hopkins . . . to all these an irreligious but imaginative man needs no clue. But the minds of Confucius, Pussyfoot, Alderman Clark, a fairly moral man cannot, even with the aid of recent psychology, attempt to fathom.

THERE is an æsthetic quality in religion which makes it durable, while old morals fade as quickly as old jokes. Sometimes indeed discarded morals are funny, but only slightly. My aim is here not to amuse, but to show what strange pre-occupations may possess the human mind. Confucius seldom laughed, but even he would not have viewed without a smile the spectacle of 20th century morality. He indeed narrowed down the field of morals to two kindred duties, respect for parents and propitiation of the dead. We have reduced it to the compass of a single problem, the question of sexual conduct which hardly worried Confucius at all. Why should it? He was at

THROUGH THE AGES — WOODCUT BY CECIL FRENCH

liberty to keep as many mistresses as his purse permitted; and, if we may believe the Book of Rites, he bundled away his official wife after a very short experience of married life. Certainly he would have regarded our obsession about the details of sexual behaviour as in the highest degree morbid and ridiculous.

HIS starting point was the belief in a Golden Age of the past. Every moral problem solves itself if we can only discover how it was dealt with by the 'men of old.' He made no attempt to discover general principles upon which the ancients had acted and to apply them generally; the terms benevolence, righteousness, etc., which occur so often are never satisfactorily defined. On the contrary, it was his aim to catalogue, as far as possible, instances of good and bad behaviour in every conceivable contingency. Similarly, his own life was used as a pattern by his disciples, hence that fantastically detailed account of his behaviour which occupies Book 20 of the *Analects:*

"When the Prince summoned him his expression seemed to change and his legs as it were bent under him; . . . on entering the palace gate he appeared to stoop as though the gate were not high enough to admit him. . . . As he passed the Throne, he wore a constrained expression.

. . . He carried the ducal mace with bent back as if unequal to its weight; . . . his expression was perturbed and anxious, and he dragged his feet as if something were trailing behind him." Such was his public demeanour. At home, "He did not exclude ginger from his meals, but was no great eater of it. . . . He did not converse while eating nor talk when in bed. . . . He would not sit on his mat unless it were straight." He found the *mot juste* with which to accept a present of medicine:

"As I am not well acquainted with it, I dare not taste it."

THE exhibition of unadulterated rectitude is usually more likely to arouse ridicule than admiration. But, in an age of Puritan revival such as that of Hannah More or Confucius, it can be tolerated. The Chinese sage frequently reminds us of the Good Squire as depicted in the pietistic fiction of a hundred years ago:

"The Master fished with a line but not with a net; when shooting he never aimed at a resting bird. . . . He made himself no set rule about wine, but always stopped short of mental confusion."

For Thought he had no place in his system. "I once spent the whole day without food and the whole night without sleep in order to think. But it was no good. It is better to learn." By learning he meant research into the observances of the past. He once said of himself, "I am a transmitter, not an originator; I love and lean upon antiquity."

He had a purely didactic conception of art. He advised his pupils to read poetry in order that they might "become widely acquainted with the names of birds, beasts, plants and trees."

WOODCUT BY JOHN NASH

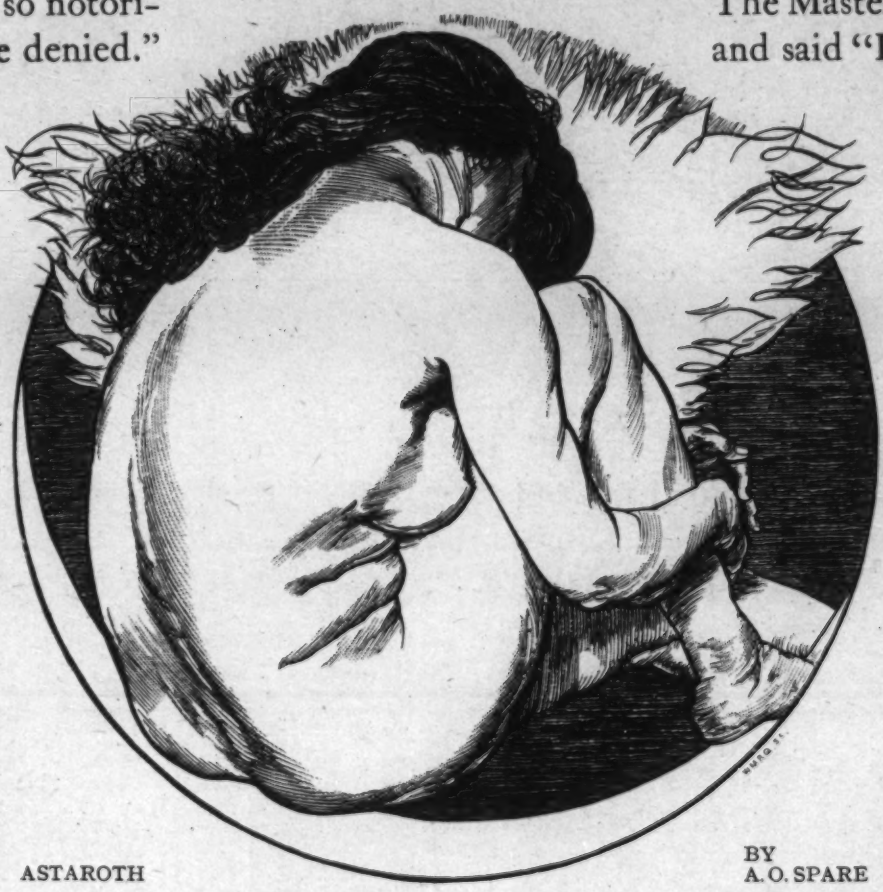
WHEN reading *The Fairchild Family* we come with immense relief to the passages where the children are naughty. So with Confucius. His few lapses stand out in interesting relief upon an unsullied background of virtue. He told two lies. Once when travelling towards the Kingdom of Wei he was caught by rebels and took an oath not to proceed on his journey. But when they set him free he at once made for Wei. On another occasion, when an unwelcome visitor called he declined the visit, sending word that he was unwell. This deception he mitigated by playing ostentatiously on the lyre as the guest departed,

to make it clear that his plea of sickness had been a polite fiction. The Rev. W. E. Soothill remarks in his edition of the *Analects:* "That such laxity on the part of China's noblest Exemplar has fostered that disregard for truth for which this nation is so notorious, can hardly be denied."

He had occasional outbursts of petulance or whimsicality. He once said "My doctrines make no progress. I will get upon a raft and float to sea." He and his disciples sometimes played at the game of 'Let's Pretend.' "If your wishes could come true," he once asked them, "what would you desire?" "I should like to have carriages and horses," said the disciple Tzu Lu, "and light furs to wear; to be able to share them freely with my friends and to be so rich that it would not matter if I spoilt them. May we hear the Master's wishes?"

"I would wish," replied Confucius, "to comfort the aged, support my friends and cherish the young." Another time when this game was played, the disciples, taking a lesson from Confucius's elevated reply on the occasion just described, vied with one another in virtuous and altruistic wishes . . . all except Tien who reluctantly confessed that his wish would be, "Towards the end of Spring to go in my spring-clothes with five or six young men and bathe in the river: enjoy the wind among the Rain Altars, and go home singing."

The Master heaved a deep sigh and said "I am with Tien."



ASTAROTH BY A. O. SPARE

IF anyone wishes to acquaint himself with the system of conduct which Confucius desired to perpetuate, let him read the *Li Chi* or Book of Rites, particularly the chapter on Domestic Virtue. Père Couvreur's translation is the best.

The classical Chinese household, for adults a hell of insignificant duties and minute routine, was apparently a children's Paradise.

"Children," we read, "may get up and go to bed when they please. They need not appear punctually at meals."

Sometimes the advice given seems almost unnecessary. As for example in Book 15: "When one is visiting a distinguished man and notices that he is yawning or stretching his legs, fiddling with his jade tablets, rubbing the hilt of his sword, twiddling his shoes, asking what o'clock it is, one may without breach of etiquette take steps to bring one's visit to a close.

A ROMAN LETTER

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

YOUR letters, my best Rufinus, were handed to me late in the afternoon as I was returning from the chase. I had spent most of the day in the immense oak and beech forests which darken the northern parts of this province with their green shadow. As I came from the last fringe of these trees on my way home, bringing, I must confess, fuller tablets than nets (my body warm with moderate exertion and my mind tranquil from these hours of woodland silence), I looked across the wide undulating plain at my feet, noticing with pleasure the rich golden haze which lay upon its fields and dwellings. The warmth, the calmness of the sight, coinciding so precisely with my own sensations, created in me a contentment I can hardly explain, and I asked myself if anything could increase my immediate delight in living. At that moment, as if in answer, your messenger appeared, guided by one of my slaves, and presented me with your letters.

THE news you give me of Rome is curious. Congratulate Sulpicius from me on his appointment as proconsul. This dignity is, I suppose, the price of some unworthy complaisance? Strange that reasonable men should degrade themselves for so little! And yet how natural! Such infamies will be common so long as men place their felicity in a prince's favour or in the adulation of a multitude. I should not have thought it possible that so well-bred a woman as Calpurnia could ever have deserved the infamous words of the satirist:

> Nulli, Thai, negas: sed si te non pudet istud
> Hac saltem pudeat, Thai, negare nihil.

But I am become such a rustic that the manners of the city are foreign to me. This lack of self-control, this disregard of elementary prudence seem to me remarkable in so distinguished a woman. Doubtless, her greatest fault is her inability to conceal the others—that our sophisticated society does not easily pardon.

I CONGRATULATE you on the birth of a son, a felicity which I know you have long desired. Your reflections on this subject and the delicacy of your reference to the death of my little Marcus, please me. Your opinion that marital affection is only rightly completed by the birth of children is wholesome and true, yet what anxiety, what trembling (and, alas, what bitter grief perhaps!) we create for ourselves with the lives of these fragile and tender beings! Be the omen null! I must not threaten your happiness with my sad memories.

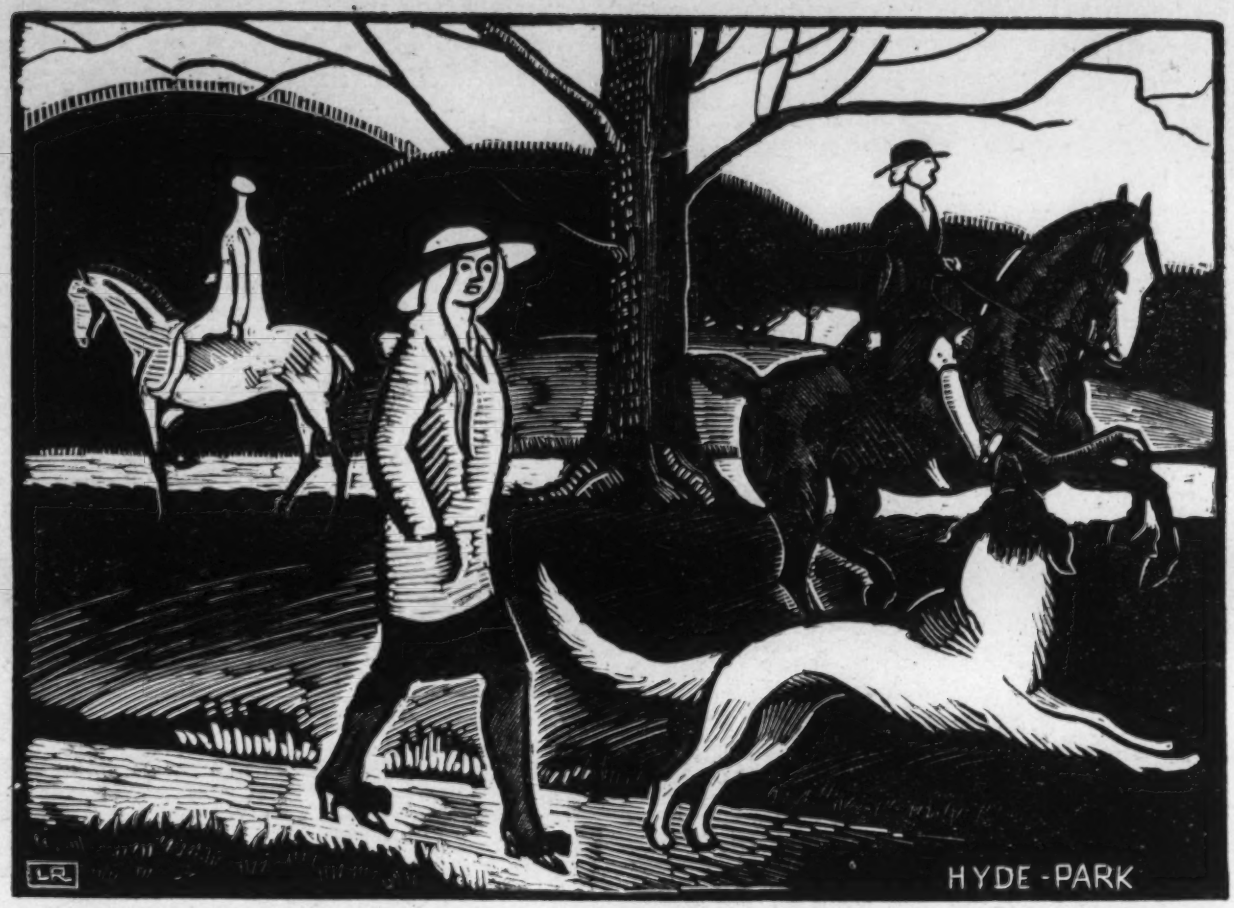
WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

AND now, my Rufinus, I must remonstrate with you seriously. The news which you communicate with so much complacency; that the Emperor is inclined to yield to your importunities and to recall me from exile; fills me with apprehension. Let me explain. When, on the receipt of a false delation, the Master of the world was pleased to order my sequestration to this remote solitude, I thanked the lying tongue which rendered me this service and the imperial credulity and severity which, in seeking to punish me, conferred on me a recompense long desired in secret. To be free of Rome, of its artifices and interminable intrigues, its huge crowds, its vacuous and febrile energy, its vanity, its profligacy—what happiness, what good fortune! Fiducia and I left that immense murmuring metropolis, which had so cruelly robbed us of our beloved child, with hearts more jocund than we dared show. To the last, I dreaded the Emperor might recall his sentence!

HERE I live tranquilly, here I possess that best of gifts praised by the Attic songster—hygiainein men ariston—and, in addition to health, solitude and peace of mind which he forgot to praise. Among these vast woods, which are sometimes enchanted by the noon silence sacred to Pan, sometimes vocal with the sussurant sea-wind, on this sun-drenched hillside fertile in olives and grapes, among these countrymen whose lives are sober idylls, my mind has been charmed and my thoughts have been busy with meditation. Not that I have thought deeply or well, but I have lived in a half intellectual ecstasy—perhaps I am a nympholept!

YOU tell me that the fashionable ladies of the capital are amusing jaded nerves with the cult of a new Eastern sect. I am not surprised. Cities, with their enervating artificial influences, must expose uncontrolled minds to superstition and religious folly. Here it is not so; here, under this sky, on the breast of the divine earth, that noble maternal Demeter who nourishes me, I am liberated to feel mysterious springs of life and death. Here I do not need to evoke the gods; they are at hand; manifest; palpable; even the gross rustic deities have a peculiar and fitting significance. But they are so familiar, so friendly, that I look continually beyond them for some greater, more pervading truth, which I apprehend rather by intuition than by logic. As you know, I have never been an enemy to the religious myths; I have held that they are necessary to impose on the slow imagination of the people truths which we perceive directly, stripped of mythological association. The destruction of this convenient symbolism, unnecessary to more finished minds, would lead to unsuspected evils, perhaps (absurd as the idea must seem) to the extinction of the Empire. The truth which I seek will not dispossess the gods; it will make life clearer, more rational for choicer spirits who cannot rest satisfied with mere parables.

I AM struggling, you see, to express something I have felt rather than thought; you yourself must have noticed that solitude is more apt to fill us with pleasurable emotions than with exact ideas. The latter



WOODCUT BY LUDOVIC RODO

are the coin with which we pay our entrance into refined society, but with these intimate emotions, vague but so delicious, we entertain ourselves. Sometimes it seems to me that we speculate too much on the nature of the gods—whom we cannot know—and investigate too little the delicious earth and the mind of men, which we can know—investigate, I mean, not for any material gain but in that spirit of disinterested curiosity which has urged our philosophers to attempt so many definitions of the *summum bonum*. If such an investigation is ever carried out thoroughly and intelligently, I suspect that the necessity for any but popular religion will disappear, for even in a nation professing complete atheism these instincts of the populace will express themselves civically instead of religiously; thus, instead of temples housing the immortal gods will be seen edifices of public utility decorated with the busts of eminent œconomists! We shall not then have to deplore that our learned men waste so much time on useless arcana of priest-craft. And yet—I would I could make you feel the attraction, the charm, the suavity of the religious beliefs professed by these peasants. Their faith and my scepticism are singularly at one, for the natural forces which I try to understand by investigation they accept and comprehend by deification. To them, as to me, the revolution of the seasons, the lights of heaven, the forces of germination, fecundity and decay, the green envelope of the rugged earth which feeds and clothes us and receives our ashes, are all mysterious and holy. The only difference is that they require to worship, in their own idealised form, representations of these forces which I am content to perceive without any symbolical and poetic interpretations or rather interventions. The aloofness of Artemis (let me gratify my ears with the splendour of Greek names) the glory of her brother, the opulence of Demeter, and the gross natural desires of Priapus are conceived by them in these visible images; but since they are truths which must exist as long as human life, and longer, what matters the symbolism by which they are apprehended?

Be assured, those unwholesome speculations and grotesque myths, which enervate our urban people with their advocacy of perversion and crime, are figments which will never overcome the profound common-sense of our peasants.

YOU must find my chatter as persistent and as strident as that of the cicada in the olive-tree above me, but if I have wearied you I have at least had the pleasure of imagining that I was conversing with you idly and freely. My mood will show you that I am content and not at all anxious to cumber with my person the imperial ante-rooms. From this moss-grown marble bench, on which I write, I can see two young women of the people placing flowers beneath the rough wood figure of Dionysus. What permanence have our philosophisings or those unhealthy Eastern myths beside this sane, humble acceptance of natural facts? Long after all memory of us and of those Syrian charlatans has vanished, other peasant girls will lay similar offerings before the figures of their gods which, like ours, will symbolise wine, wheat, the death of autumn and the rebirth of spring, maternity and desire. Doubtless their floral tributes will not make the harvest any less ample. Vale.

LINO CUT BY WALTER SPRADBURY

WOODCUT

BY ERIC DAGLISH

A PARABLE

By Robert Graves

AN undergraduate had once written patronizingly and unjustly of the works of Chaucer, with which he had evidently only a very scanty acquaintance. An older friend, to whom disrespect for Chaucer seemed a sort of blasphemy, happened to see the criticism in a University literary journal and made a vow that he would avenge the insult to his hero. On the strength of a school acquaintance, but without giving any hint of his intentions, he invited the young man to dinner at his lodgings. It proved a most unusual meal; the guest arrived punctually, but though he knocked and rang the bell several times, nobody opened the door, which he at last pushed open, and walked inside. He found himself in a completely bare hall opening on a second large room where he saw his host sitting with a pale face and a look of dejection at a large table. This was bare of any plate or cutlery but furnished with some hunks of bread, some slices of cheese and two small tin mugs of beer. The room was draped with black hangings and contained no furniture except the table and two chairs which were clamped to the floor. The young man, whom we will call Mr. Lector, was about to depart, alarmed at the strangeness of the scene, but as he was stammering an excuse and replacing his hat on his head Mr. Poeta, who had merely stared at him and said nothing, now beckoned, motioning him to be seated.

The meal began. Mr. Poeta soon roused himself sufficiently to apologise for the absence of his landlady and the simplicity of the meal, excused the shakiness of his hands as due to a touch of malaria, and began a desultory and nervous conversation on general lines rapidly developing into a discussion of murders and homicidal mania. Mr. Lector at first mystified, then embarrassed, soon became definitely concerned for his own safety, especially when he was aware of his host's eyes fixed in an eager stare on something apparently hanging above his own head. He involuntarily followed their direction, and saw on the wall behind him what he had not seen before, a great Oriental scimitar in a tarnished scabbard hanging on a nail above the chimneypiece. As he turned his head again with a look of some alarm, Mr. Poeta gave a bellow of rage, leapt across the table and began to wrench the scimitar from the scabbard, which, happily, held it somewhat stiffly. Mr. Lector, having no weapon to his hand of any sort, for the table was too massive to pick up and the mugs of beer were too small to be of service, instantly fled from the room. The front door was shut and he could not find the trick to open it; an ominous hiss and a shout suggested that the maniac had succeeded in drawing the weapon, and no time was to be lost. A staircase offered an escape but an open window was nearer; out jumped Mr. Lector just in time, not into the street, as he hoped, or even into a garden, but into a small back-yard with high walls in one of which was a heavy-looking door with bars. But Mr. Poeta was after him, and he disregarded the door in favour of a barrel at the opposite end of the yard; on this he jumped and flung himself over the wall. He was now in a stable yard whose big gates had a bar thrust across them, but the front door of what was evidently a coachman's house stood open and in he rushed and upstairs, while his pursuer's feet sounded behind him. He darted to the very top of the house and, finding a door open, flung himself into the room and slammed the door after him, holding it with his foot.

WOODCUT BY HERBERT PALLISER

A FEW minutes later, since he had not heard any sound of feet on the stairs, he recovered his courage and decided to reconnoitre; but he found that by slamming the door he had locked it, and he was a prisoner. He struck a match. The room was a boxroom only lit by a skylight at a good height from the ground. It contained a cistern, a small trunk, a hatbox and some wallpaper in a roll. Mr. Lector tried to get out through the skylight by standing the trunk on end, putting the hatbox on it, and climbing on top, but he could not reach the skylight even by jumping. Next he opened the trunk in the hope of finding some weapon of defence in case the maniac discovered his retreat, but there was nothing.

THE long and short of it was that he remained a prisoner for three days and nights, living on water from the cistern with some malted milk tablets which he found loose in a pocket of the trunk, and wrapping himself at night in wallpaper to keep out the cold. He spent his time alternately shouting for help, attempting to break the lock of the door, and reading

right through with great interest a stained and coverless copy of Chaucer which was lying in a heap of rubbish under the cistern. Eventually he made a final and successful assault on the door, and, cramming Chaucer into his pocket as a memento of his terrible experience, ran downstairs, and, unbarring the stable gates, found himself a free man again.

YOU are asked to believe that never for a moment in all those three days did Mr. Lector suspect that his actions had been predetermined; but it was so. During dinner, Mr. Poeta had set himself gradually to arouse his guest's danger instincts and finally given him a shock so violent that the unfortunate young man, for lack of any weapon of offence (he was not even a boxer) had on the "all-or-none" principle reacted completely towards flight. Apparent avenues of escape were offered him and he took them. There were several possible alternatives, the staircase in the hall, the door in the first yard (not really locked), the stable gates (for he was not then being pursued: Mr. Poeta had dropped his sword and was sitting on the wall drumming his heels), and a lower room in the coachman's house through a window of which he might have gained the open fields. But these were not courses that a frightened man would take; he ran straight on, and up the stairs, finally made himself a prisoner, as we have seen, in a room whose contents had been carefully prepared by his host. Early in the morning of the third day, Mr. Poeta secretly unlocked the door from outside and only a little strength was needed to force a second smaller lock which remained.

IN expounding this parable, I must not be thought to condone Mr. Poeta's joke, which was, to my mind, carried to excess, nor to insist too closely on a comparison of motives. *The Parable of The Unjust Steward* is a precedent to excuse me from doing so. But what Mr. Poeta did, is more or less what all poets do, and they seem at first sight as mad as he appeared to Mr. Lector. Mr. Poeta had felt sentimentally annoyed at finding the immortal Chaucer lying neglected and torn in a boxroom and, remembering how impudent young Lector had been patronising him in the literary paper, the contrast gave him a sudden idea; in great excitement he went over the ground, and prepared the plot. In a calmer mood he arranged the details so that success was assured, and then invited Mr. Lector to dinner.

THIS is the precise process of poetry; an internal conflict of emotions; a sudden spark that suggests the poem; an excited state of composition; a deliberate examination of what has been written to see if it will "get across," then publication.

WOODCUT BY HERBERT PALLISER

NOW comes the rest of the poem. The reader is at first puzzled, then thrown off his balance by the beauty or horror of what the poet has to say. He has no critical weapons at his command, so he must follow the course which the poet has thought out for him; the actual words of the poem do not in themselves express all the meaning which the poet manages to convey (cf. how Mr. Poeta found it enough to drop his sword and drum his heels on the wall, while Mr. Lector ran upstairs and locked himself up . . . to read Chaucer), but the reader finds the intended conclusion and flattering himself that he has reached it independently, finally carries it off as his own. Even when the conclusion is definitely expressed in the poem, the reader often deceives himself into saying "I have often thought that before, but never so clearly," when, as a matter of fact, he has just been translating the poet's experience into terms of his own, and, finding the conclusion sound, imagines that he has discovered that line of thought for himself.

I WANT it to be clear, by the way, that Mr. Poeta was not a Chaucer propagandist by profession, he was member of no society formed with the object of forcing that poet's work on a wilfully ignorant public. The plot against Mr. Lector occurred to him from the

WOODCUT BY EDWARD WADSWORTH

accident of seeing the coverless volume in an attic; it was not the result of sitting in his armchair and pondering how he could defend the good name of Chaucer against further onslaughts by the younger school of University critics. If he had made a conscious effort of this kind, the solution that would probably have occurred to him would have been a far more direct and simple one, reading a paper at a literary club or writing a letter of protest to the review which had published Mr. Lector's article.

IT happened otherwise; Mr. Poeta was a child of impulse, and when the practical joke was over, he forgot that there ever was such a poet as Chaucer, and began to struggle with some metaphysical problem irrelevant to this story. It may be added that these events occurred at the close of a summer University Term. When Mr. Lector, shortly after his escape, decided to make enquiries, he was informed by Mr. Poeta's late landlady that the "poor gentleman" had left the University for good after a nervous breakdown in his final examination and was now, she believed, in a private home for mental cases.

A CHILD

THERE is no tree like Janet;
Though swaying in the breeze
No tree has boughs like her arms
When she raises them to wave;
Her slender hands are paler
Than candle-flames at sunrise;
No fluttering moth at summer dusk
So swift as her grey eyes.

There will be trees as graceful
And gentle, grey-eyed flowers;
In shady woods and hedgerows
Swift dove-like moths will hover,
When with sad voices hurrying winds
Usher her spirit to strange seas.

EDGELL RICKWORD

King Solomon's Garden

By Walter M. Clement

So pour libation to King Solomon
Most Glorious of world wearied kings
That in his garden still, he, joyful, sings
of contemplation and the timelong things
Within the soul of man. ~ ~ ~

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♩=92.

Voice

Piano

mf

So pour li — ba — tion

mf

cres.

to King So — lo — mon Most Glor — ious of

cres

decres.

world wear — ied Kings

decres.

mf.

That in his gar — den still,

cres.

mf.

he, joy ful sings Of con—tem-

p.

p.

pla — tion and the time-long things

cres

mf

cres.

With—in the soul of

f.

man

decres.

f.

IN AN OLD SCULPTOR'S GARDEN

PEN DRAWING BY GARTH JONES

THE SPHINX

PEN DRAWING BY HERBERT COLE

THE AWAKENING

COME happy wind and blow away care
And dance you leafy mazes;
Too stubborn with his burning stare
The sun upon you gazes:
And like the antic gods at feast,
Weary of mirth and measure,
The sultry clouds loll west and east
'Twixt pleasure and displeasure.

For this proud smouldering tyrannous sky
Give back the trembling weather,
Come lively wind and puff on high
Each woolpack like a feather:
In ripe bean-blossom ere it fade
Dip your lithe wings for sweetness,
To sow abroad sharp light and shade
In more delicious fleetness.

So sweet in April's morricing days
'Twas on the down to listen
To lark's unnumbered roundelays,
To see the young corn glisten!
The ploughlands burnished with late rains,
The chestnut torches coming,
The twinkling ponds and far-away panes,
The zigzag wild-bees humming.

The lane's white furrow tops the hill,
And there I'll be to meet you;
There by the mill, no longer still,
Lay bare my brow to greet you:
There, while the lion lights agrin
Range wheat like water sighing,
May power again in me begin
To clasp the joy that's flying.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

APULEIUS

WOODCUT BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

APULEIUS MEDITATES A TRANSMUTATION

N old tale tells how
Gorgo's gaze distilled
Horror to petrify men's
mobile limbs:
Endymion's moonlit
beauty never dims,
Hard-frozen as the fond
chaste goddess willed:
Niobe, by her ceaseless weeping chilled,
Drips a white rock: and when stone Memnon
hymns
The dawn, camped travellers whom the desert
rims
Rise from the sand they slept on and are
thrilled.
I, having wandered through the pines alone,
And felt their hush up from dark ages roll
Like last faint echoes of a lion's roar,
Or storm that ripples out on a smooth shore,
Quaffing their vivid silence with my soul
Have longed to change me then and there to
stone.

Ah! what were all my writings worth to that?
Though my discourse be now Rome's choicest
food!
If, tranced in such deep wonder as begat
Its own continuance, this body stood
Wearing that sovran spell upon its face
Long as these leagues of pine shall front the
sea!
Ah! then fine city souls, who seek the place,
Would meet their mood more strongly felt in
me!
Yes, man's best thought yearns on enduring
form;
Would seize and hold that swift eluder Time,
Supreme Proteus, and shepherd of the swarm
Of all who were. Like chiselling sublime
My impress on men's minds might thus surpass
That of the weird tale of my 'Golden Ass.'

T. STURGE MOORE

SNOW

NOWING; snowing;
Low, between earth and sky,
A wintry wind is blowing,
Scattering with its sigh
Petals from trees that shine,
Like invisible glass, when
the moon
In the void of night on high
Paces the orchards divine.

Snowing; snowing;
Oh me, how still, and how fair
The air, with flakes interflowing,
The fields crystal and bare,
When the brawling brooks are dumb,
And the parched trees matted with frost,
And the birds in wilderness stare
Dazzled and numb.

Snowing; snowing; snowing;
Moments of time through space
Into hours, centuries growing:
Till the world's marred lovely face,
Wearied of change and chance,
Radiant in innocence dream—
And, lulled by an infinite grace,
She rest in eternal trance.

WALTER DE LA MARE

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WOODCUT BY SYDNEY SYME

ST. JOHN AT PÁTMOS

WOODCUT BY JOHN NASH

THE GARDEN

STONE walls, dear trees, worn
paths of every day,
Because you have lived so
cleanly in my mind
Something of me for ever in
you shall stay,
When I the smaller acre yet shall find.
When noon is bright I shall be with your flowers,
With you the snows of winter I shall wear,
And when, enchanted in the midnight hours,
You are a silver lake, I shall be there.
And none shall know, or few; yet, knowing
not,
The stranger here shall with your spirit take
Into his heart a kinship unforgot
That still you tell in numbers for my sake,
And in your mute occasion then shall be
Some whispered word that once you learnt of
me.

JOHN DRINKWATER

LOVE

ARE the pale bodies of these maidens
Wisps of the smoke of life
Burning in my brain,
Blown across the green fields of Spring
From the smouldering fires of Winter?
For I am a heap of dead generations
Smouldering in the sun.

I am pale as a candle-flame in the sunlight,
My body is as white as wax.
I am dim as a wave falling from a cliff of light,
A soundless invisible flame,
And those wisps of smoke wandering in the
daylight
Are the bodies of slender girls,
Incense of earth's imagination.

It is blown among the walls of cities,
It floats curled along the streets
As though where earth touched invisible clouds
On the clear pavements their bright skirts
fluttered,
A snowy border of the clear day;
The earth dark as a still wood garden
About the feet of February snowdrops.

Desire darkens, like a trellis abandoned by a
rose,
A winter sun is shining.
The passing clouds trail their cold shadows
Drooping a festoon of ghostly blooms.
Where is the rose that is vanished?
Neither Morning nor yet the Evening
Look upon her face.

I lie at the foot of the trellis,
Earth smouldering slowly in the sun.
Behold the framework of dead imagination!
And, a thin faint haze in the landscape,
Life smoking subtly in the brain!
Black and myriad the dead sticks of desire,
And the Void bloomless upon the trellis!

Out of the darkness, under the mantling sky,
Dawn has brought forth a pale clump of
blossom.
Through all outspread Imagination
A slender life is creeping,
Green fires trailing on the cold black sky;
White maidens of earth leap up dancing,
And the Rose has come again upon the
trellis.

W. J. TURNER

STORM MUSIC

WHOM is the body of music a body
for?—
From the ivory and ebon crowd
of keys
That hammer the taut wire, her
quick, twin hands—
And with the freeing, stopping pedals, her feet
Unhesitating—search out, call clear out
The wild music that—as after a storm
The morrow's tide, howso placid its face—
Heaves with the passionate working of the sea.
Whom is the wild music a body for?—
Fierceness of joy—defiant, rebellious power—
Counterpointing her concentrated calm
Face, as she takes the signals of the score.

Outspread there!—Schumann had not written it
Nor she, in his black and white, discovered it:
But through the tumult of chords full-throated,
through
The ebon and ivory play, the hold and loose
Of the pedals, through her fingers and feet, that
world-heave of the rebel, pulse of the
god Pan, takes
Control of the great-winged body of flight,
and is
The exultancy that still, after the storm,
Works in the pause of the sea, challenging us
Who in the pause of her playing, exultant stand.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS

THE DOLL

IF cold grew visible again,
We should see bell-flowers on the
plain
With shivering stalks, as white as
kings
In trembling ermine. Each one
A little tune for vespers, matins, [rings
Beneath the polar sky's red satins:
(The cold is but the shivering
Of the white flower-bells as they ring).
And Madame A . . . the elegante,
And Madame X, the elephant,

Walked down the lengthy avenue
Carrying their missals; and they knew
The point-lace hanging from the trees
Delicately laughed at these,
Knowing they'd find no angels there
With their apple-curling hair—
Because the angels pulled the lapel
Of the priest's robe, left the chapel
And with my doll and me in heaven
Hear the nursery clock strike seven.
The angels and myself between us
We break their doll the lady Venus
Whose curls seem petalled orange-flowers
From heaven's tree; (those perfumed showers
Fall like soft music in the mind).
Seeing my doll they are unkind
To all their toys; they break with joy
The bird-soft bricks that builded Troy,—
Laugh at the thought that it could matter . .
The angels feet like bird-feet patter
Across the floor; they leave their needle
Sticking in their samplers, wheedle
Me to let them wash my daughter
Until her face is clear as water,
Her curls like bell-flowers one can see
At Easter, jangling on a tree.

. . . . .

BUT nurse is wandering on the plain,
Midst cold grown visible again;
She looks for me, and as she walks
On toes the cold has turned to stalks
Mid shrill steel grasses that dissemble
The cold (bell-flowers that jangle, tremble),
The angels nod their small heads, say:
"It's time we were in bed, stopped play."
Yet still the angels overhead
Play with my doll, though I'm in bed!

EDITH SITWELL

ĀAOS AWAKING WOODCUT BY AUSTIN O. SPARE

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CARICATURE

WOODCUT BY DERWENT WOOD, R.A.

WOODCUT

BY NORA WRIGHT

SCULPTURE and ARCHITECTURE

By Herbert Furst

UP to the threshold of the Twentieth Century all artists, and therefore the sculptor, worked in more or less generally understood traditions. When we look upon a piece of sculpture of any people, until that date, we are seeing before our eyes not only the evidence of a man's mind, not only the work of a single individual, but in as much as tradition was everywhere a factor, also the work and working of the group-mind.

THE Egyptians' simple solidity of form is the result of tradition and this tradition itself the consequence of the material in which the Egyptian sculptor had to work, granite and basalt.

THE less solid, or as one might perhaps say, the more fanciful form of Greek sculpture is likewise the result of tradition based on material. We can, in fact, clearly follow the transformation of the early Greek "wood" culture signifying a northern origin of Greek art into the "marble" culture of the later periods.

THE point is that what distinguishes and characterises national arts is not a difference in æsthetic principles and appreciation, but ethic and ethnic traditions caused by differences in the material of experience and experiment to hand (and to mind) which result from the differences in habitation.

THE PATHS INTO THE WOOD WOODCUT BY PAUL NASH

THAT is to say, one tribe or people may have, according to its stage of development, abstract ideas very much like another not necessarily of the same race or even period, and may consequently wish to express very much the same thing in sculpture, say a God of Heaven, or a God of Hell, or a Goddess of Fecundity, but their *expressions* will differ in accordance with ethnic variation and the concrete material they have at hand. We are in such cases inclined to seek a difference in æsthetic principles, a different conception of "beauty," and particularly are we inclined in these days to regard "respect for the material" as a sign of æsthetic probity. We think that stone-sculpture should differ in treatment from bronze casting; that is to say that the carved thing should show by its solidity of forms that it is carved, whilst the cast thing should display the fluidity of its metal in the greater freedom of its forms. Up to a point this may hold good, but only up to a point—it bears but little stress. As a matter of fact throughout the history of art we find forms constantly applied to one material though they have been derived from quite another. That is as true of the wood-wicker born "Round Tower" of Ireland, and of the ubiquitously exploited Assyrian "Tassel," as it is of the Tree-Trunk evolved Apollo of Tenea. Nearly all elements of ornamental design have changed their original habitat, and the very shapes of vessels, such as the ancient Chinese pots, have come from a foreign material. Indian sculpture was as freely carved in stone as it was cast in metal and—none the worse for it. Gothic tracery in stone resembles in certain phases such a flimsy fabric as lace. It would seem as if æsthetic rules were only made in order to prove exceptions.

NEVERTHELESS where we see Rodin carving marble arms or legs that have to wear marble splints or crutches, or casting bronzes which have lumps of metal sticking to them like mud on a bog-trotter's boot, we may rightly argue that Rodin has broken the rules without proving the exception; he has indeed committed an æsthetic offence. But why? Not because he has offended against some abstract and absolute "law," but because these stays and stilts and clumps interfere with the significance of form, with the purity of the silhouette, and sculpture is essentially neither more nor less than a solid silhouette: a cubic system of "outlines" expressing an idea; and because it is neither more nor less it is the *only* "Fine" Art of three dimensions.

ARCHITECTURE, which is also called a *fine* art, is only so in one of its branches. Only in one of its branches can it be said to express an idea without props or stays or other irrelevant matter. At present that branch bears only one kind of fruit, viz., Sacred architecture; and even this has to be qualified and defined as "shrine-building," such as we find in India. These shrines have no other purpose than to honour the deity to whom they are dedicated. They are not buildings in the European sense, because they are hardly "structures" or "constructions" at all but mere hollow mounds, sculpture-cumuli, that hold together only by the law of gravitation. Built in horizontal courses, they have no strains to complicate their stability, nor have they the slightest utilitarian use.

They are not like temples and churches "assembly-rooms," they are not built for congregations. They are just "prayers in stone," a pure expression of religious feeling often erected by quite simple private persons, and not by any means comparable to European "St. Peter's," which serve to glorify rather less exalted beings than the God they pretend to honour.

WOODCUT BY ERIC DAGLISH

AT all events the moment the conveniences or even only the shelter of a congregation has to be considered the absolute freedom of expression is hindered to just that extent. The *emotional*—supposing it to have existed in the first place—tends to become merged in the *intellectual* problem of construction. But so long as the intellectual zest is held in subservience to emotion architecture may, at a stretch, still be considered an expressional, *i.e.*, a *fine* art. Where, however, *construction* serves practical purposes first, where indeed the building is a house for human beings, there architecture ceases to be a fine and becomes an applied art like the building of bridges or the making of cabinets and footstools. It is quite true of course that strictly useful buildings such as dwelling-houses, warehouses, railway stations, are or at all events should be "expressional," and they will be so the more strictly practical their construction, *i.e.*, the less their features are what the guide-book worshippers discuss as "architectural." The case of such public buildings as Law-courts and Houses of Parliament is somewhat different. There it is up to the architect to find suitable formulæ expressive of the purposes which such buildings serve. The "Old Bailey," for example, should look like a dungeon; should breathe forth in its every feature vengeance, that vengeance which it has usurped. Instead, the present building is quite a jolly sort of thing like the buildings of the dead "White City" at Shepherd's Bush, with interior frescoes like an opera and marble like "Lyons." And the Houses of Parliament. Here the architect has builded better than he knew. Lacking in creative power, the architect placed his faith in formulæ ready made: in this case the Gothic. But he failed entirely to grasp the fact that Gothic is nothing if not pointing heavenward in its main features, like the fingers of a Christian joined in prayer. And so these Houses of Parliament really look outside what they are inside: a sustained rhetorical effort in futile parallelisms which never come to the real point. In that sense this architecture could not well be more "expressive."

THEN again some of our big shops designed by architects bent on expressing anything but a "shop" in the building, really have succeeded admirably where they have so completely failed. If production were for use, and the articles sold by these shops were, consequently, useful and in real demand, a real shop could not help looking like one, *i.e.* if the architect stuck rigorously to his business. But the goods sold in these shops are not in *natural* demand; production is for profit not for use; the profit of shopkeepers and share-sharks: consequently these modern "Emporia" express their proprietors' prosperity; they look more like gorgeous palaces and castles with plate-glass windows where the dungeons—the reception rooms for the victims—ought to be.

DESPITE the fact that modern architecture, when it is not strictly utilitarian, comes under the heading of "unconscious humour," and when it is strictly utilitarian cannot be regarded as Fine

art, architecture as a free expressional art is just conceivable; but whether its abstract structural forms can be made as expressive as the representational forms of sculpture, is as much a debatable question as whether "abstract sculpture," such as that attempted by Mr. Laurence Atkinson, can be made expressive of any emotion at all.

AT all events so far as Fine art is concerned we cannot find a dividing line between the means of sculpture and the means of architecture, both having to rely entirely on the creation of a solid, that is to say a three dimensional silhouette, in order to evoke a desired emotion without the slightest *arrière pensée* of use.

[*From "Ventures in Aesthetics" in preparation.*]

THE SWINEHERD

WOODCUT BY LOUIS MOREAU

Reviews

LITERARY NOTES

WITH the flag flying gallantly from the mast-head THE BOOKPLATE MAGAZINE goes down after two years of splendid service. All lovers of the intimate and delicate art of the book-plate will regret the loss. And their regret will be all the greater because this, the last number, is also the best. There is no slow descent into a muttering senility here but rather the refreshing vigour of a youth to whom death comes, swiftly bringing with it the laurel wreath of the victor. This double number—it is surely the first time that a magazine has celebrated death with so large a gesture—contains some new examples of the peculiarly English art of the late Claud Lovat Fraser. There are also a number of designs by foreign artists, a valuable article on the art in Belgium, and other features that should appeal to a wider circle than that represented by the regular readers of the magazine. A special note must be made of the strong, simple and sure line and drawing of a young Australian artist, Thomas P. Elmes, who is likely, if this work is any guide, to go far. *The Bookplate Magazine, Number VIII, (5/-). The Morland Press, 190 Ebury Street, S.W.1.*

TWO other publications dealing with bookplates deserve attention. The woodcuts of Ludovic Rodo are well known. This little book will add to his reputation. It has the advantage of a preface by Frank Brangwyn, R.A., himself one of the modern masters of the woodcut. Among the plates are some attractive designs for French publishers, delicate and fresh, facile, and graceful but not without strength. Rodo needs here no praise, for his work cannot but be known and appreciated by readers of "FORM."

AS a companion to this Book of Ex-libris and Marks we can recommend the Bookplates of Pickford Waller. Mr. Waller should be better known. He has done much good work in a quiet way. Delicate colouring and a nice instinct for decoration and line give to his plates an air of unobtrusive distinction.

Ex-libris and Marks by Ludovic Rodo (3/9).
Pickford Waller's Bookplates (3/9) The Morland Press.

MR. Desmond Coke is to be congratulated on giving us a very delightful book. Fortunate alike in her editor and in her illustrator, the eminent authoress, (Miss) Belinda Blinders, produces an impression likely to arouse the envy of all lesser lady novelists.

As to her own share in the present production, (Miss) Belinda Blinders handles strong situations with shuddering intensity; her morality is (of course) ever on the side of the angels; her wealth of quotation is truly luxuriant. As is fitting, she puts the mere Male in his place; but her appreciation of her hero is so moving in its chaste enthusiasm, that we suspect the eminent authoress—as is the way with so many true women (the dear things!)—of being among the most determined of Male-hunters.

The illustrations of Mr. John Nash are in exactly the right key. May we—at the risk of laissez majestie (bolshevism)—venture the opinion that the somewhat self-conscious Peter-Pannery, which is a family attribute apparently, is to be studied in its right milieu (position) amid these heart-searching pages. At other times its frequent intrusion has a bread and condensed milk flavour that is apt to be cloying.

Strange tricks have been played by the printer. "Expectoration ran high" verges on the indelicate; but (Miss) B. Blinders, apologising with a noble candour, draws the venom from even a jaded reviewer. "Sperare est humana" (to err is human), as the Latin's say.

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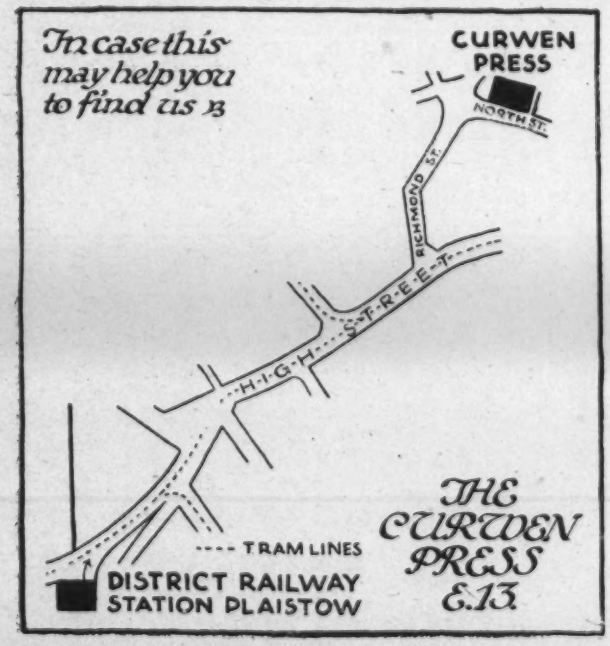

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